

LETTERS

DESCRIPTIVE OF

THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS;

THE ROADS LEADING THERETO, AND THE
DOINGS THEREAT.

COLLECTED, CORRECTED, ANNOTATED AND EDITED,

BY PEREGRINE, PROLIX.

WITH A MAP OF VIRGINIA.

————— Qui talia legit,
Quid didicit tandem, quid scit, nisi somnia, nugas?
Palingenius.

————— My business in this state,
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna.
Measure for Measure, Act V.

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2388

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.



SOME time in last October, after my return from a somewhat *lengthy* sojourn in that pleasant region of Virginia which containeth the mineral and thermal Springs, I perceived in the United States Gazette, under the editorial head, the following paragraph or annunciation :

“Three of our old friends, full blooded Philadelphia cockneys, have lately broken loose from their moorings in the comfortable city, and have perpetrated a tour through the mountainous parts of Virginia, to see the world, and pick up health. They have favoured us with several letters descriptive of their journeyings, which we

“suppose contain some things that may be
“useful to any cockneys who may wish to
“go over the same ground next summer;
“and also a small modicum of amusement;
“and though we know that some parts of
“said epistles are a little tedious, yet if they
“were ten times as tedious, we have gene-
“rosity enough to bestow it all upon our
“readers; and so we give the first of the
“series to day.”

The which notice was accompanied by the first of the following series of letters, which do purport to give some account of said springs and the ways to them and at them.

The letter and its promises did somewhat disturb my equanimity and unsettle my purposes; the latter of which had in view no less an object than to give to the world in a thick folio, a cosmogonical, geological, mineralogical, chemical, geographical, hydrographical, geodesical, geometrical, astronomical, meteorological, agricultural, horticultural, tetrapo-

dological,* ornithological, ichthyological, conchyliological, serpentine, philosophical, populationary, graphical, statistical and historical account of that beautiful and salutiferous region; which I did intend to concoct and construct from twenty foolscap quires of notes, which were written on the very spots to which they do refer.

The contents of said letter embracing many topics on which I should have delighted to dilate, did check and nip in the bud my beneficent intention, and made me resolve to await the appearance of the whole series, before I should dive deep into the bowels of my projected folio, or waste much valuable labour upon subjects which might be made stale and tedious as a twice told tale, by this unknown anticipator. Having waited patiently until at last the last has come, and having found in them some things useful (among many things useless) to spa-hunters and health-seekers at this time of year, and my own folio not being

* Tetrapodology, is the history of four-footed beasts.

so much as begun, I have determined to rescue these letters from the oblivious pages of a diurnal, and to give them to the public in a form convenient to carry and easy to read, illustrated by a Map, whereon are accurately laid down the places and roads whereof the letters do treat.

Courteous reader, here you will find nothing wonderful or astounding ;

“Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasque,
“Invenies ; hominem pagina nostra sapit.”

MARTIAL.

Men and things are the subject matter ;

“Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
“Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.”

JUVENAL.

What men enact ; desire, anger, pleasure,
Fear, joys, hurry, and talk without measure.

I have meddled but little with the author's text, except where I have suspected it to have been corrupted by the wicked printers ; and in a few instances I have introduced some

lines making mention of sundry matters useful for travellers to know, that were omitted to be set down in the letters. I have prefixed captions or syllabi to the letters and a table of contents, to enable the reader to find any particular matter or thing about which he may be curious ; and I have added a few notes intended to explain and elucidate several dark and difficult passages in the text.

The letter writer has given but a superficial view of the region about which he treats, and has left undescribed many things interesting to one like myself, who delight in poring over matters usque ad stuporem ; yet the things he has described are those most interesting to the majority of travellers who skim the surface with a rapidity which does not permit them to penetrate the substance.

I cannot close these few prefatory observations without expressing my thanks to the worthy publisher of this little book, for the white paper and readable type he has bestowed upon

it, and particularly for the valuable Map which he has prefixed to it, on which are accurately set down certain pleasant places not to be found on any other Map.

P. P.

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LETTERS

OF A

TRAVELLER IN VIRGINIA.

LETTER I.

Route from Philadelphia to Charlottesville—Steam-boat
—Extract of Tobacco—Baltimore—Washington—
Fredericksburg—Orange Court House—Charlottes-
ville—University—Stage Coach difficulties.

I LEFT Philadelphia on the 13th August, 1834, in company with two friends, to perform a tour of six or seven weeks in the mountains of Virginia. We left Chestnut street wharf at six A. M., in the Robert Morris, an excellent boat, no doubt as good as that of any other line. We vapoured across the Peninsula in an hour, and were paddled down the Chesapeake in the Carroll of Carrollton, a spacious, rapid, and very clean boat. An excellent practice ob-

tains in this boat: one or two servants are constantly employed in wiping up the extract of tobacco, with which our southern friends are wont to describe parabolic curves in every direction; touching which singular custom, the refined Trollope has some pertinent remarks. This is done by the servants with a view of keeping the skirts of the ladies clear of this great offence; and—ne quid nigh Miss, as Terence hath it.

We were detained half an hour near the mouth of the Patapsco, by putting some passengers and baggage on board the Norfolk boat. When the boats approached each other, the effect of their mutual attraction was evident.

We arrived at Baltimore at $3\frac{1}{2}$ P. M., and stept from the steamboat into the coach for Washington, where we arrived at $9\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. The road is very bad, and will grow worse, and is expected to become impassible just as the Baltimore and Washington Rail-road becomes ripe for use. Thus we Americans make the two ends meet.

We went to Fuller's, where every thing was good except the weather, which was alto-

gether too hot for comfort. I take this opportunity of hinting to friend Fuller, that it is a bad plan in very hot weather to set out a dinner for three, on that end of his long dining table which is immediately over his furnace. We made an attempt to reach the happy spot, but the heat drove us to take refuge in private apartments, where we had an excellent dinner at greater cost.

As I intend these letters to be useful as well as agreeable, I shall here set down a few items of route information. You can go to the Virginia Springs, by Fredericksburg or Richmond; but, when you have come to Washington, the former is the best route; the latter I think preferable for those who do not wish to visit Washington, and who can transfer themselves to the Norfolk boat near the mouth of the Patapsco, and be in Richmond the following evening.

To go by Fredericksburg, you leave your hotel in Washington, at 6 A. M. in an omnibus, to which you pay half a dollar for carrying you and your baggage, to a very good steamboat, in which you do not get as good a breakfast as Robert used to give us in the

Trenton. I advise the Captain of that same boat (who is quite a clever fellow) always hereafter to have two or three kinds of corn bread on his table; for when Hyperboreans go to the South, they look for the good things of the South, and are by no means to be fobbed off with abominable imitations of buckwheat cakes, which can *not* be made good any where but in Philadelphia.

You go down the grand Potomac about fifty-five miles, passing Mount Vernon and one of Uncle Sam's great forts, to Potomac Creek, where you take coaches and ride nine hilly miles to Fredericksburg, the view of which, with its river and valley, is exceedingly beautiful as you descend from the hills, a mile from the town.

Here you dine; pas grande chose; and at 3 p. m. take coach for Orange Court House, a distance of thirty-six miles, over a stone turnpike in bad repair and rough, but not dangerous. You sleep at Orange Court House, having arrived at half past 9, p. m., if you *can* sleep in cotton sheets on a feather bed in hot weather. You get a very good

supper about seven miles east of Orange C. H. at about 7 o'clock.

When you have got about half through your first nap, Cuffee knocks at your door, bearing in his hand a dipt and flaming minister, as unwelcome as Othello. He announces that the coach is almost ready, which is corroborated by the driver's sounding horn. It is two hours before sunrise, and you have to ride three hours before breakfast; the road is not bad, but the breakfast is.

At 11 A. M. you arrive at Charlottesville, passing under the brow of Monticello; and near which is Mr. Jefferson's great University, which has met with some success since the great man's death.

The University buildings are many, various in architecture, and handsomely arranged on three sides of a grassy parallelogram; at the upper end of which stands a large Rotunda, containing Lecture-rooms, and a large and commodious Library, well furnished with books. It requires a sojourn of one day at Charlottesville to enable the traveller to see the University buildings, which are one mile from the town.

The line of coaches in which you have come, intersects another line at Charlottesville, in which you are to continue your journey through Staunton to the Springs, and in which you have a preference over the Charlottesvilleans; but if you remain a day, you become as a Charlottesvillean and lose your preference; and some unhappy people have been detained here a week, when they very innocently intended to remain but one day. At Charlottesville you are almost sure to get into a crowded coach, but fortunately the road to Staunton is very good, and affords some magnificent mountain and valley views. Our Virginia friends are sound economists, and follow Adam Smith's principle of keeping the market rather understocked in the commodity of stage coaches.

I shall continue the account of our journey in another letter.

L E T T E R I I.

Stage Coach Civility—Mountain Roads—Blue Ridge—
Rock Fish Gap—Tuckahoes and Quo'hees—Fried
Chickens — Staunton — Weyer's Cave — Frazier's—
Clover Dale—Warm Spring Mountain—Pass—Hotel
—Table Etiquette—Cabins—Bath—Mode of Bath-
ing.

WE left Charlottesville, at M. in a coach with nine passengers; and when we were just about starting, the coach-agent, bringing to the coach door a decent looking country girl, made the following apostrophe—' will no gentleman have the politeness to ride outside, to make room for this young lady?' three voices instantly answered, I will; the sounds having proceeded from an Irishman, just arrived in the country, a Philadelphian and a Virginian. The Philadelphian suited the action to the word, and without more ado vacated his seat.

I mention this to show, that in this country civilization has invaded even the stage coaches.

The road from Charlottesville to Staunton is here called a turnpike, and is made by cutting to a depth of three or four feet into the side of the mountain, and throwing the earth so as to produce a level. A road made in this way, is very good in summer. In some places, to the inexperienced, it has an awfully dangerous appearance, running up the side of a steep mountain, and having no parapet wall. The safety, however lies in the horses, who cannot by any means be persuaded to run off the road. The coaches, horses and drivers are good, and the latter take the precaution of locking one of the hind wheels, in going down steep or long hills. With the wheel locked, they drive down very fast. Before you reach Staunton, the Blue Ridge is crossed, through Rock-fish Gap, which affords splendid views of the great valley. This ridge divides the Ancient Dominion into two nations, called Tuckahoes and Quo'hees; the former inhabiting the lowland, and living '*more majorum*;' the latter occupying the mountains and elevated valleys, and having somewhat sophisti-

cated the liberal and comfortable ways of old Virginia, by introducing outlandish customs from Pennsylvania and other foreign countries. We dined somewhere, I forget where, and arrived at Staunton, at 7 P. M. I advise every traveller, who comes from the northern side of Mason & Dixon's line, to eat fried chickens, whenever he meets with them in Virginia.

Twelve miles from Staunton is Weyer's Cave, which, those can spend a day in visiting, who are fond of scrambling over rocks and stones; for an extent of three miles underground, at the risk of being detained several days in Staunton, by losing their preference in the coach. It is a magnificent cave and well worth a visit.

As soon as our coach stopped at the tavern, I jumped out and engaged single-rooms, and seats for the next day, for the Warm Springs. The house is good, both for supper and lodgings.

At 4 A. M. the next morning, we were repacked in the coach, with nine insides, to travel fifty-two miles to the Warm Springs. In three hours, we reached Frazier's, a distance of fourteen miles, where they detained

us an hour and a quarter, to give us a tolerable breakfast.

In nineteen miles more, we reached Clover-Dale, where we obtained a good dinner; whence we started at 2 P. M. and reached the Warm Springs, at 7 P. M. The road from Staunton to the Warm Springs, is nearly all turnpiked, and the remainder is in progress, and will be finished by next summer. But little of it is bad, and the portions leading over the two mountains are excellent.

The road over the Warm Springs mountain, is very skillfully graded, and leads you to a fearful height by a very easy ascent; now winding its slow length up one side of a deep ravine, now up the other; now turning short round the projecting angle of a mountain spur, now leading through the gap which forms the mountain pass. As you approach the Pass, the view towards the east is extensive and grand. In the Pass is a small farm house, where you can get a draught of good water, and you will certainly be tired and thirsty. Passing on a few yards, you suddenly behold lying at your feet, the Hotel and cabins of the Warm Springs; that celebrated

and inevitable spot which is the beginning and the end, the Ay and Izzard of a tour to the Virginia Springs. It reposes in an elevated valley, at the western foot of the mountain, and is about three-quarters of a mile from the pass. The descent is not steep, but has, in its course, several very acute angles, which the coach describes with fearful rapidity ; but fortunately the traveller's sense of danger has worn away before he has reached this descent.

The Warm Springs' Hotel, which is under the management of Mr. Fry, a very worthy and obliging person, is a two-storied brick building, about one hundred feet in front, immediately on the road, and having a spacious piazza extending along its whole front ; and possessing a room for dancing, and a common parlor. There is a large and airy eating-room, in which, thrice a day, is spread a table amply supplied with a variety of good things. Each plate has a card near it, bearing the name of the person who has the right to use it ; a custom which prevails at all the Virginia Springs, and which cannot be too much commended. After the meal is over, the

cards are taken up in their order, and replaced in the same way at the next meal ; the cards of the departed being withdrawn, and their places being filled by promoting the next in order ; the last comers always beginning at the foot of the table. It is easy to see that this system must effectually prevent confusion, and disputation about seats.

Besides the large house, there are five or six rows of huts, (Virginice cabins) some built of logs and mud, and some of brick and mortar. Most of them contain two small rooms, in one of which is generally a fire place.

When we arrived, the establishment was rather full, and Mr. Fry stowed one of us in a small room in the Hotel, and the other two in the most ancient log cabin on the premises, consoling us by the observation that Mr. Jefferson had formerly spent three weeks in the self-same mud edifice ; at the same time hinting (which was the most solid part of the consolation) that the next day he could translate us into a better residence.

The place derives its name from an abundant spring of limpid water, containing a small quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen, and

emitting bubbles of nitrogen, which flows through an octagonal bath, thirty-eight feet in diameter, having the sides of stone masonry, and the bottom of large loose rounded pebbles. It is covered with a wooden building, having a large opening in the middle of the roof to admit air and light. The water in the bath always exhibits a temperature of ninety-six degrees, according to the scale of Fahrenheit, and is so pellucid, that you scarcely see it upon first entering the bath house. There is a small room at each side of the bath with a little fire, to undress and redress by. There are stone steps leading from these rooms to the bottom of the bath ; but by far the best way, is to plunge in head foremost, as you are then instantly transferred to the comfortable element, and are out of your pains in a moment, as the boys say.

The water is five feet deep for the gentlemen and four for the ladies. The two sexes bathe alternately ; spaces of two hours each being allotted, from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. You may take three baths a day without injury. To bathe comfortably, you should have a large cotton morning gown or a cashmere shawl

pattern lined with crimson, a fancy Greek cap, Turkish slippers, and a pair of loose pantaloons; a garb that will not consume much time in doffing and donning. Stay in the bath fifteen minutes, using very little exercise whilst in the water. As soon as you come out, hurry to your cabin, wrap yourself in a dry night gown, go to bed, cover up warm, go to sleep, get into a fine perspiration, grow cool by degrees, wake up in half an hour, dress and go to dinner with what appetite you have.

This process, except the dinner, may be repeated twice a day with great profit and pleasure, and on one occasion, breakfast or supper can take the place of dinner. At this comfortable, well kept and agreeable establishment, the charge is eight dollars per week, or one and half per diem; and half price for servants and horses. If you want fire in your room you have it for asking, and in truth every effort is used to give comfort and satisfaction to the visiters.

L E T T E R I I I .

Amusements—Route to the White Sulphur—Shumate's—Callaghan's—White Sulphur—Qualities of the Water—Dining-room, Stables, Cabins, &c.—Accommodations, Table, Company—Customs and manner of Living.

THE means of amusement at the Warm Springs, consist of a bagatelle table entirely used up, a ten-pin alley with three wooden balls of different sizes, not round; and the Warm Spring Mountain to walk or ride up and down. Every visiter should ascend to the top of the mountain, which can be reached in half an hour on horseback; and whence may be seen a sublime mountain-view, consisting of parallel mountain ridges, one beyond the other as far as the eye can reach, like a dark green sea of giant billows, instantly stricken solid by nature's magic wand.

The coach for the White Sulphur Springs being engaged for many days beforehand, we were in danger of remaining at the Warm Springs longer than we wished. Fortunately however for us, an ancient hack came with two gentlemen from Staunton, and just as old Henry was starting to return to his master, we fell in with him, and engaged him to carry us to the White Sulphur. We left the Warm Springs at 3½ p. m. on the 19th of August, and crept along to Shumate's, a tavern at fourteen miles distance, where we supped and slept. It began to rain just after our arrival, and rained all night and all the following morning. We were in motion again before sunrise the next morning, and all got wet, because the respectable old vehicle was not water tight. We breakfasted at Callaghan's, so called from a merry Irishman who formerly lived there; but now the house is very well kept by an English family, named Plum.

We arrived at the White Sulphur at 1½ p. m. and found it overflowing with company, humming like a bee hive. This is the great lion of the Virginia mountains, and like the worshippers of Juggernaut, the votaries of

pleasure are willing to be crushed to death, to obtain a chance of laying their offerings on the shrine that fashion has set up in this happy valley.

The water has the pleasant flavor of a half-boiled, half-spoiled egg, is very clear, and not cold enough to please the taste of a Philadelphia cockney. The spring is covered with a handsome dome, supported on columns, and is contained in an octagonal marble case, about seven feet long, five feet wide, and four and a half feet deep, the bottom being formed of the rock from which the water gushes. It is very beautiful and tempting, and cures the following diseases, according to popular belief—Yellow Jaundice, White Swelling, Blue Devils and Black Plague; Scarlet Fever; Yellow Fever, Spotted Fever, and fever of every kind and colour; Hydrocephalus, Hydrothorax, Hydrocele and Hydrophobia, Hypochondria and Hypocrisy; Dyspepsia; Diarrhœa, Diabetes, and die-of-any-thing; Gout, Gormandising and Grogging; Liver Complaint, Cholic, Stone, Gravel, and all other diseases and bad habits, except chewing, smoking, spitting and swearing. ✓

My own private opinion is, that the White Sulphur water, is an excellent alterative, and combined with the exercise necessary to reach it, the pure mountain air and agreeable society found in these elevated regions, perform wonderful cures in many chronic complaints not removable by medicine swallowed at home.

It contains sulphuretted hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen ; sulphate, carbonate and muriate of lime, sulphate of magnesia, and a very strong infusion of fashion. The latter being an animal substance, its quantity cannot be precisely ascertained ; it is supposed, however, to be gradually increasing, and no doubt contributes greatly to the efficacy of the water. When submitted to the ordeal of analysis, it vanishes in smoke.

This celebrated spring, bursts forth in an elevated valley, situated on the western side of the main Allegheny ridge, and its precious waters flow towards the gulf of Mexico ; whilst the sweet spring, distant only eight miles in a direct line, sends its abundant stream towards the Atlantic Ocean.

Like that of Rasselas, this valley seems to

be surrounded by insuperable hills ; but at both extremities are passes wide enough to admit the entrance and exit of one of the tributaries of the Green Brier ; along whose banks and through whose rocky bed passes by turns the great mail route from Washington to Guyandotte.

The middle of the valley where the buildings stand, is cleared of forest ; care having been taken to leave a few noble trees for ornament and shade. The buildings consist of a frame dining room about 120 feet long ; with which is connected a large kitchen and bakery ; a frame ball room with lodging rooms over it and at each end ; two very large frame stables with 80 stalls in each, of which the exterior rows are open to the air ; and many rows of cabins tastefully arranged around the larger edifices, and standing on rising ground. The cabins are composed of various materials, brick, frame or logs, and the view of the tout-ensemble is very pleasing. Most of the modern cabins are furnished with little piazzas, and shaded by forest trees, purposely rescued from the ruthless axe. There are several straight and dusty walks laid out with rectangular art ;

and many artless paths more agreeable to the foot and eye. The cabins are in general, comfortable and the bedding clean ; some suspicion of fleas I confess too, but I detected no bugs, which are perhaps kept away by the nature of the water, for Virgil says in the fifth book of his Georgics :

“Fœtidum in aqua non gaudet sulphurea bedbug ;”

which being translated into the Virginia vernacular, means, “the stinking chinch, does not like sulphur water.” The last word of the above quoted hexameter, I take to be an ancient Latin neuter indeclinable noun.

This elysium of summer, is the property of one individual, whose venerable silver locks, placid and care-free countenance, frank and agreeable manners, win the favourable regard of all who have the pleasure of making his acquaintance ; and it is under the management of a man, small indeed in stature, but mighty in management and merit—the magnanimous, mysterious, mellifluent Metternich of the mountains. This gentleman spares no pains to accommodate his guests, and succeeds beyond hope, in making four hundred people

comfortable, in quarters calculated for half the number. The table is liberally supplied with esculents, and good tea and coffee, and bread of various kinds, all of which will come to you of their own accord, if you sit quiet for five minutes, during which time the servants are occupied in supplying those refined persons who fee them for the first cuts; and the supply is always so liberal that nothing is lost by waiting.

The greatest charm of this place, is the delightful society which is drawn together in every agreeable variety, by its health-restoring spring. From the east you have consolidationists, tariffites and philanthropists; from the middle, professors, chemical analysts, and letter-writers; from the west, orators, and gentlemen who can squat lower, jump higher, dive deeper, and come out drier, than all creation besides; and from the south, nullifiers, union men, political economists, and statesmen; and from all quarters, functionaries of all ranks, ex-candidates for all functions, and the gay, young, agreeable and handsome of both sexes, who come to the White Sulphur to see and be seen, to chat, laugh and dance,

and to throw each his pebble on the great heap of the general enjoyment.

The customs here are very liberal towards the guests. A good ball room, and excellent band of music, are in occupation every evening, free to all the boarders, without charge. Nobody at the public table is expected to drink or pay for any wine or other liquors he does not want ; and any body can have fire enough in his cabin to roast an ox, by saying, with Horace, ‘ Boy, (meaning old uncle Duncan) fetch me some wood :’ ‘ Puer, pone lignum super foco.’ Uncle Duncan is a highly respectable yellow character, with a hawk’s eye and an eagle’s nose, and perhaps a drop of the imperial blood of Powhatan, who makes his bivouac among the trees on the hill in the rear of Alabama Row, under a slantindicular shed, lighted up most romantically by a large watch fire ; and if you want any thing, you have only to open your postern and screech ‘ Duncan, oh, Duncan.’ There are no bells, as captain Hamilton says ; and what do we want with bells, when we have good lungs ? Neither are there any shovels and tongs—and why should there be ? when a small stick of

wood is so much better to poke a fire withal, than a cold heavy pair of tongs, which generally give your hand a pinch.

If you are happy enough to be a bachelor, get into Alabama Row: if your state is a happy duplicity, Paradise Row is your befitting asylum—opposite to which is a pretty isolated cottage, resting under the refreshing shade of several ancient sons of the forest. Running from the east end of Paradise Row at right angles, towards the south, is a row of beautiful white cabins, piazza fronted, and looking towards the dome-covered spring. On the other side of the road are Compulsion Row and Wolf Row; the latter of which avoid, unless you be young and foolish—fond of noise and nonsense, frolic and fun, wine and wassail, sleepless nights, and days of headache; Mercury and Nimrod have taken up their abode there, and Macbeth-like, nightly murder sleep.

If you are geological, do not forget that you are within the edge of the great basin of the Ohio; and that you can obtain a great variety of interesting fossils in the stratum of

limestone which is bare in the beds of the water courses and the steep sides of the hill.

If conchyliological, search the hills for helices, and the waters for naiades, planorbes, physæ, lymnææ, and other fluviatile shells; and all that you find, wrap separately, marking their respective localities on the papers, and bring them home for my cabinet. The waters of the Warm Spring, and of the White Sulphur, have been accurately analysed by Professor William Barton Rogers,* of William and Mary College, a scientific and practical chemist of great experience, who intends to apply the fiery test to all the mineral waters of western Virginia; and it is to be hoped, will give to the world of invalids the result of his valuable labors, before the revolving sun shall again call them to the region of renovation and amusement. I had the pleasure of being present at some of the learned Professor's experiments, and can vouch for the un-

* It is understood that the learned Professor has since been appointed by Virginia, to make geological surveys within her borders; and that he will give in his report to the state, the results of his analytical experiments on the Mineral Waters.

remitting care and severe accuracy with which they were performed ; and I believe that all the information that has lately been circulated respecting the contents of the Virginia Springs, has been derived from the analyses of Professor Rogers.

And now, Mr. Editor, I hope I have shewn you enough of the delights of the White Sulphur Springs, to induce you and some of your readers to go there next summer.



L E T T E R I V .

Excursions—Lewisburg—Sweet Springs—Dinner Party at Confectioner's—Rifling Sheep, not Stealing Mutton—Hounds—Sunday—Difficulty of getting away—Departure in a Shower—Route to the Salt Sulphur.

THOSE who have carriages, can make pleasant excursions to Lewisburg and the Sweet Springs. The former is distant from the White Sulphur nine, and the latter sixteen miles. The road to Lewisburg crosses the Green Brier River and one of its tributaries; and passes over several hills, (quasi mountains,) affords some beautiful and romantic views, is turnpiked all the way, and is in very good order. The hotel there, affords very good dinners, and the undulation of the road affords the aspiring young Jehus a fine opportunity of displaying their want of skill in the noble science of the whip.

The road to the Sweet Springs is also very good, and the ride there and back feasible in one day. The turnpike crosses the main Allegheny ridge, which divides the waters flowing into the Atlantic from the tributaries of the Ohio. The direct distance is not supposed to exceed eight miles, but the windings of the road necessary to overcome the interposed elevation, make it extend to sixteen. The road is so judiciously laid out, that you go up and down the mountain without being aware of the great height you have passed. The scenery on the eastern, is more beautiful, but less wild, than that on the western side of the ridge, the geological phenomena are very interesting.

Parties of gentlemen frequently go to dine at a confectioner's half a mile off, where they eat venison and other good things sub dio, and quaff their wine and puff nicotian fumes most delightfully, under the shade of the forest trees. I dined there with a party, of whom three were from Virginia, three from Louisiana, one from Scotland, two from North Carolina, one from New York, one from Boston, and three from Philadelphia. Such meetings

are very agreeable, and tend to render the Union of the States *more perfect*.

Pic Nic parties embracing some of the fairer part of creation, often take place in some beautiful spot in the forest, or on the bank of the Green Brier, and are the occasion of much pleasure and amusement.

On the first afternoon of a stranger's arrival at the White Sulphur, he is sometimes startled, by the sharp crack of a rifle repeated seven or eight times; on inquiry, he is informed that the marksman of the establishment is thus unceremoniously converting certain innocent and unconscious sheep into mutton, for to-morrow's dinner. This yellow functionary, never fails to send his bullet through the victim's brain, and argues, that shooting is a much more honorable death, than cutting of throats. There is a fine pack of hounds kept here, and frequently used for hunting the deer, which abound in the neighboring forests. Every one who likes, can join in this spirit-stirring sport, provided he owns, or can beg, borrow or steal a horse.

On Sunday, the bar-room is converted into a chapel for the nonce, and the gay into

the devout. On the Sundays I passed at the White Sulphur, the Divine Service of the Episcopal Church, was rubrically performed by a young clergyman from Petersburg, and was followed by an excellent sermon from the same gentleman. The congregation was numerous and devout.

The facinations of the White Sulphur are so many, that you do not soon wish to leave them; and when you have made up your mind that you are ready to go, it is no easy matter to get away, unless you have your own locomotive. The supply of travelling conveniences is by no means commensurate with the demand, at certain seasons, and therefore, a week before you go, you must engage your seat in some coach going whither you wish. My two friends left me here, and I joined myself to another learned Theban, a philosopher, who, like myself, was hunting health and knowledge in the mountains.

One fine morning, with tears in our eyes, we left the White Sulphur just after breakfast, to proceed to the Salt Sulphur Springs: whence a kind Virginia friend had sent his carriage for us. The distance is twenty-four

miles, a great part of which may be called tolerably bad road. The route follows the course of a mountain rivulet, which it crosses more than a dozen times, and in some places, passes for many yards along its stony bed. The scene for miles is wild and romantic, being laid in the heart of an ancient forest, flanked at intervals by mountain spurs, terminating in lofty promontories of rock. After travelling about fourteen miles, we emerged from the forest, and saw a smooth unpainted board stuck up by the road side, with certain characters traced thereon in black. The letters having various dimensions and directions, and the N's and S's being turned the wrong way, we had some difficulty in making out 'John Roger's Organ Cave.' We stopped, and a little brown-faced, bare-footed mountaineer, the watchman of the sign, asked us if we wished to go into the cave. I sounded a *Strombus Gigas*, (i. e. conk) and John Rogers, soon appeared with an armful of split pine for torches, and a chump of fire to ignite them, wherewith to light us through his subterraneous domain.

L E T T E R V .

Organ Cave—Pine Torch—Brownface—Journey in Cave—Organ Room—Smashpipe Quo'hees—Great-coat—Robbers—Gil Blas—Saltpetre—Daylight.

THE mouth of the Organ Cave is situated nearly under the road, at the bottom of a deep ravine, which seems as if it had formerly discharged a large stream of water into the Cave. The superincumbent earth over which the road passes, is supported by an almost horizontal and very thick stratum of secondary lime-stone. The approach is very romantic, descending the steep and wooded side of the ravine, by a zigzag path, which leads by an easy slope, (*“facilis descensus Averni,”*) to the black and yawning chasm.

The preparation for exploring one of these cyclopæan caves, consists of a supply of pitch-pine sticks, faith in your guides and folly in yourself.

The sticks are about two feet long, and each one as thick as a thin finger ; fifteen or twenty of which being held together in the hand, and fired at the upper end, make the best of torches, will burn bright for two hours, and distinctly show the floor, sides and roof of the cave through the palpable obscure.

Little magazines of sticks are judiciously left at intervals of a quarter of a mile, as you penetrate deeper and deeper into the bowels of the land, to replenish from time to time the moribund luminaries.

John Rogers lighted one torch, little brown face another and myself a third ; my Theban friend not fearing Bæotian darkness, was content to walk with borrowed light.

We first entered a spacious apartment, about thirty feet high, fifty broad, and three hundred long, arched with rock, of which fallen fragments strewed the floor.

The floor dips about ten degrees from the entrance, and near the lower end of this apartment, on the right hand, is a small aperture, just large enough to suffer a man to creep through, which leads into a passage about ten feet wide, four feet high, and two

hundred and fifty feet long. The floor of this passage is almost smooth and nearly level, and the sides and roof formed of compact rock. No fragments seem to have fallen here from the roof; but it has very much the air of shutting down upon you bodily, and you suffer much inconvenience from the necessity of stooping, and now and then rubbing your back against the impending rock.

This passage opens into a spacious apartment, rough and rocky, and full of yawning gulphs and dangerous passes. A stone thrown into one of these awful pits, was heard for a time to bound from side to side, and then sullenly to plunge into the water far below.

After some distance, this great apartment branches to the left and right; the latter course, as John Rogers told us, leads over a rocky mountain, which we had to ascend and descend to reach the organ room, the jewel of the cave. Toil and danger attend the passage of this tartarean hill. For some distance, you pass along a path or ledge of rock about a foot wide, with the perpendicular side of the cavern on your right hand, and a precipice whose foot is lost in darkness on your

left ; then for a space you scramble over rocks, until big drops of healthful exercise course one another down your innocent nose. Now you reach a living spring which leaps from the rock into a stalactitic basin, and here you stop and stoop and drink ; and here you also pull off your great coat, if it happens to be on.

Thus refreshed and lightened you resume your march, and in a few minutes pass through a narrow opening into the organ room. This room is not very large, but is extremely interesting from the numerous stalactites of various forms which it contains. Near the entrance is a perfect column extending from the floor to the roof, which it seems to support, and increases your sense of security.

In another part of the room depend from the roof, a great number of distinct but parallel stalactites, which do not reach the floor, are arranged after the manner of organ pipes, and upon being gently stricken with a stick or stone, do forthwith emit Memnonian sounds. The organ has been much injured and put out of tune, by certain barbarous Quo'hees, who have, unknown to John Rogers, invaded this

deep recess, and broken some of the pipes. The organ room is distant from the cave's mouth about three quarters of a mile.

Time and newspapers wait for no man ; so I must forthwith quit this cave, and translate myself into the upper element, leaving the rest of the wonders of the organ room, to be described by my learned friend, in a profound work he is now putting together, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. He remained some time in the room with John Rogers and the torch, after Brownface and I had commenced retreating. When about half out, (ourselves and the torch,) I stopped to put on my great coat, and accidentally turning and looking back, I saw a light glaring behind us, at the distance of a furlong, and presently the torch-bearer and the Philosopher emerged from a turn in the cave, making the darkness visible, and transporting me in imagination to the Robbers' Cave in *Gil Blas*. Instead of following us, they took the aforesaid left hand branch, which following two furlongs, they found a spot, where formerly, certain Troglo-dytes digged villainous saltpetre from the harmless earth, to slay their fellow men.

Now threading the low passage, and emerging into the great vestibule, I saw again in the distance, through the cave's mouth, the bright and cheerful colors of the sunny world.

L E T T E R V I .

Brownface, a nascent schoolmaster—Salt Sulphur—Contents and Non-contents of the Water—Contents of the Table—Comforts—Dairy—Butter—Cream—Sweet Sulphur Spring—Nullification Row—Road to Red Sulphur.

I WAITED at the cave's mouth for the forthcoming of my companion for the space of twenty minutes, which I spent in agreeable converse with little Brownface, who gave me to understand that he wished to follow the trade and mystery of a school-master ; and I verily believe, the only science the poor lad has, is a little knowledge of the rifle, wherefore he opines, that he can teach the young idea how to shoot.

On re-entering our carriage, we found that two hours had fled, whilst we were in the cave ; I advise you therefore, patient reader, to take

a whole day to it, if you would see all its wonders. We met with no more very bad roads, and arrived at the Salt Sulphur Spring, at 5 P. M. totally tired and hollow with hunger, as we had dined in the cave upon mere curiosity.

The Salt Sulphur Spring is situated in an elevated valley on the western side of the main Allegheny ridge, and contains nearly the same ingredients as the White Sulphur, with the addition of a little Sulphate of Soda, which makes it a sure purgative, if three or four glasses be taken before breakfast. Professor Rogers, made an accurate analysis of the water whilst I was there, and found in it, no Muriate of Soda, although the worthy proprietors had been accused by the unlearned, of throwing into the Spring a daily supply of that common condiment, upon whose presence they supposed its purgative power to depend. The discovery in the water of Sulphate of Soda or Glauber Salt, made by the learned professor, was therefore very agreeable to the friends of Messrs. Caruthers & Erskine, the estimable and enterprising proprietors, as it solved at once the mystery of purgation.

Every thing good for the sick and sane is to be found here in the greatest abundance. At breakfast, twelve to fifteen different kinds of wheat, bran, maise, buckwheat, rye, rice, hot and cold bread and cakes ; milk without water, and cream without milk ; coffee and tea, green and black ; sausages, eggs, honey, maple molasses and cheese ; mutton and venison chops, fried and broiled ; fried chickens and cold corned beef and ham ; and all these well cooked and arranged on a snow white table cloth, supported by a table, having ample room and verge enough for all the guests to sit comfortably, and partake of the aforesaid dainties without indecent hurry.

The dining room is 160 feet long, and 40 feet wide, and the air is gently and pleasantly agitated, and the marauding flies effectually put to flight by a long line of fans, pendant from the ceiling, co-extensive with the table, and diligently kept in motion by the muscular power of a young æthiop, applied to one end of a rope ingeniously connected with each particular fan.

At dinner you have venison, beef and mutton ; turkies, ducks and chickens ; corned

beef and ham, cooked in all sorts of ways, and followed by a dessert consisting of a variety of excellent pastry and preserves, with abundance of rich milk and cream. For supper, see the foregoing account of breakfast. The butter is always fresh and good, and made in their own dairy, which go and look at; Mr. Caruthers will show it to you with much pleasure, and he has a right to be proud of it. There are hot and cold mineral and fresh water baths.

If you have a whim or fancy for any thing that is out of the common routine, ask and you will get it, for accommodation is the common law of the place.

At the distance of five hundred yards is a spring called the Sweet Sulphur, which has no Glauber Salt in it, and is a very agreeable beverage before dinner or in the evening. You can walk to it by the road, or by a path which leads over a romantic hill.

The rides and walks are very pleasant, embracing every variety of scenery, mountain, valley, hill and dale, wood, lawn, rocks and streams. Many interesting fossils reward the labour of the geologist; and the conchyliolo-

gist finds several genera of fluviatile and terrestrial mollusca.

The accommodations are sufficient for two hundred and fifty persons, and until the middle of September, there is a large and agreeable society to be found there, consisting chiefly of families from the more southern states.

Besides the chambers over the dining room, there are many rows of comfortable cabins, well furnished with bedding, chairs and tables; and even shovels and tongs are to be found here.

There is a commodious ball room, in which are music and dancing every evening, and preaching every Sunday. A sitting parlour is provided for gentlemen, and another for ladies, in which is a piano.

There is a row of pretty, new cabins, with piazzas in front joining each other, thus forming a covered walk of considerable length for rainy or sunny weather. This is called Nullification Row, in honor of a certain gallant little state, and was occupied by a number of agreeable South Carolinians of the Union party.

I passed eight days very pleasantly in this

abode of comfort and abundance, and on the 8th September at noon, started for the Red Sulphur Spring, in the regular stage coach. My companion wishing to make little exploring episodes by the way, our worthy hosts lent him a capital gray charger, to ride and keep *ab libitum* as to distance and time.

The distance to the Red Sulphur is eighteen miles over a mountainous and woody region, which grows wilder and more romantic as you proceed. You pass two or three little valleys, into which the sun's rays penetrate between the branches and trunks of the gigantic trees, which have been robbed of their leafy honors by the process of girdling; the ground below being occupied by Indian corn. After ascending several successive elevations, the road reaches the top of a narrow mountain ridge, along which it runs for several miles, and affords a prospect into the deep and precipitous valley on either side. After descending from this ridge, the road follows for several miles, the bank of a beautiful creek, and at 4 P. M., brings you to the Red Sulphur Spring.

LETTER VII.

Red Sulphur—Mysterious Red Substance—Water Cool and strongly Sulphurous—Gray Sulphur—It's First Summer—Redolent of the Palmetto—Two Springs, one Anti-dyspeptic, the other slightly Aperient—Salt Pond heard of.

THE Red Sulphur Spring is one of the most beautiful and interesting objects in the Virginia mountains. It flows from the rock into a quadrangular reservoir, composed of four slabs of white marble, the lower edges of which rest on the rock from which the water gushes. The reservoir is about six feet long, five wide, and four and a half deep ; and a beautiful red and mysterious substance covers the bottom, which, extending some distance up the sides, sheds through the transparency of the water, its own lovely hue.

The water is clear and cool, (its tempera-

ture being fifty-four of Fahrenheit,) is very strongly charged with Sulphuretted Hydrogen Gas, and contains portions of several neutral salts. It possesses in a high degree, the valuable property of lowering an exalted pulse, and is gently diuretic and aperient. To a Philadelphia palate, its coolness is very gratifying.

The Spring is situated near one side of a little triangular plain, almost buried in mountains, and therefore cut short of its fair proportion of sunshine. The buildings consisting of two large and commodious hotels and three rows of cabins, are conveniently arranged upon the plain. The best row of cabins is called Philadelphia Row, and is built of brick, each cabin containing two good rooms in one of which is a fire place.

The beautiful red mysterious substance is not oxyd of selenium, nor vermillion, nor red precipitate, nor any other precipitate nor oxyd; but it is ———*, but no, I will not say what

* Touching this red mysterious substance, I have diligently inquired, and after much labor I am enabled to suspect that the learned Professor opines that it is a cryptogamous plant, and that the letter writer holds the same sentiment.

it is, because Professor Rogers examined it carefully and chemically, and as I believe, first discovered its real nature, and will give a proper scientific account of it in his forthcoming report.

The table and other accommodations are very good, and Mr. Burke, the proprietor, is making every effort, by new and expensive improvements, to increase the comforts of his future guests.

At 10 A. M. on the 10th September, we left the Red Sulphur Spring in a private carriage, to pay a visit to the Gray Sulphur, situated at the distance of nine miles in a south-west direction, just within the border of Giles County.

This is a new establishment, grown up by magic since the first of June last. It belongs to John D. Legare, Esq. of South Carolina, a gentleman of established literary talent, who by his great enterprise and good taste, has made this lovely wilderness blossom like the rose, and bring forth the fruits of civilization and comfort. There is a comfortable new brick house standing near the middle of a gently sloping plain of about twenty acres, nearly cleared of trees, and entirely surround-

ed by forest-covered mountains, between whose base and the house are several beautiful conical hills, rendering the view from the portico exceedingly pleasing. Every thing here is conducted after the polished and agreeable manner of South Carolina ; all is redolent of the Palmetto, and a little pleasant circle from that state, may generally be found here.

There are two springs under the same cover, within ten feet of each other ; one containing *inter alia*, bicarbonate of soda, which is an excellent anti-dyspeptic, and is well taken an hour after dinner, which is always so good here, that every body eats too much. The other contains some sulphuretted hydrogen and several neutral salts, rendering it aperient and diuretic. It should be taken an hour before breakfast. The breakfasts and suppers are capital, furnished forth with various cakes, in form and color new to the northern eye, of rice, of corn and wheat ; and in discussing these interesting subjects, a quiet deliberation reigns, affording the epicure the double opportunity of curing hunger and gratifying taste. The wine is so good, that he who

drinks it, falsifies the old adage, that "*omnes errorem bibunt*," there is no mistake about it.

The road from the Red Sulphur, to this "*ultima Thule*" novissimae of the Virginia Springs, is good, but so hilly, that it requires three hours to overcome its nine miles.

The little plain is skirted on one side by a rivulet, which flows close at the base of Chimney Ridge, a spur of Peters's mountain, and washes a very thick stratum of limestone, consisting almost entirely of casts of several genera of marine shells.

We passed here, two pleasant days, enjoying the quiet of the wilderness, combined with every comfort brought from the busy haunts of men, and then retraced our steps by the same vehicle to the Red Sulphur.

On a fine day the ride is delightful, the road passing for eight miles through the heart of the virgin forest, yet untouched, save by the hand that traced the road.

We passed the night at the Red Sulphur, and at six the next morning, I mounted beside the driver of the Salt Sulphur coach, leaving my fellow traveller, who was desirous of visiting Salt Pond, on the top of Peters's mountain.

As I did not see Salt Pond with my own eyes, I shall not describe it, only observing, that though the pond is salt, yet the water is fresh ; and that it may be paradoxically considered as one of nature's artificial curiosities, as it is said to have been made without hands,* within the memory of the mountaineers ; and although it is at the *top* of a high mountain, yet many of the sagacious neighbours suspect that it has no *bottom*. The foundation of this belief is supposed to rest on the fact, that it has never been sounded with a very long line.

* On page 789 of my notes, I find the following entry : Salt Pond, a sheet of fresh water on the top of Peters's mountain, which has collected there during the memory of man. It is said that formerly a rivulet which ran through a hollow on the top of the mountain, made its escape by sinking into the earth. It was a place much frequented by cattle, both tame and wild, for the purpose of quenching their thirst ; and in process of time, it came to pass, that the trampling of many feet pressed down a sufficiency of earth to fill up the crevice, by which the water had previously made its escape ; and so the accumulations of the rivulet and the rain gradually submerged the forest, and formed a pond. As this was done by *feet*, our letter writer is correct in saying it was made without *hands*.

LETTER VIII.

An accident, almost—Driver's ingenuity—Humphrey Clinker—English Watering Places—Route to Sweet Springs—their aspect—temperature—Jean Delorme, the Genius Loci—Road to Hot Springs.

A VERY good coach runs every other day, from the White to the Red Sulphur, and back again on the intervening days, stopping an hour at the Salt Sulphur, which is generally improved by the passengers, in swallowing a good dinner. This line continues only during the season of fashionable visitation, and during that period generally runs full, so that it is necessary to engage places several days in advance.

I found nine places taken, and so was obliged to mount up beside the driver at 6 A. M. on a cold misty morning; the roughness of the road and the quickness of the

driving, which was like the driving of Jehu, kept me warm.

After about an hour's ride, in passing over a sort of gutter, the king-bolt or body-pin broke, and the coach was just on the point of falling from the fore axletree, when the driver discovered the accident and drew up his horses. I anticipated some delay, but the driver had several spare king-bolts and repaired the damage with such dexterity and expedition, as convinced me of his deep reading in the chapter of accidents.

At 11 A. M. we arrived safely at the Salt Sulphur, where I was soon ensconced in my former comfortable apartment.

I took a small book from the mantel piece, which proved to be the first volume of the expedition of Humphrey Clinker, and I passed the rest of the day very pleasantly in the society of the sensible Matthew Bramble, his good tempered sister and the rest of his agreeable family.

The company here was reduced to about a dozen, of whom I knew not one; so that I was very lucky to fall in with my old Welsh acquaintances from Brambleton Hall.

I was particularly interested in the amusing and pointed account which the caustic Matthew gives of some of the English watering places which no American can fail to read with satisfaction. I refer my readers, if there be any such people, to Mr. Bramble's letter, dated Bath, 28th April, for a most accurate and interesting picture of the miseries endured by hypochondriacs at that celebrated watering place; some parts of which marvellously resemble some little conveniences to be met with at our own Spas. By all means, take Clinker with you next summer on your Virginia expedition, and make it a point to peruse him from beginning to end, "*ad ovo usque ad malum*;" but no, it will not be *ad malum*, because it will result in your own *good*.

The next day, at 9 A. M. I started for the Sweet Springs, and had the whole coach to myself. The distance is sixteen miles, and the road is pretty good, passing over the main ridge of the Allegheny by a succession of hills of such easy ascent and descent, as to convey to the traveller, no notion of the mountain height he has traversed.

The ride is very interesting both to *Artists*

and *Naturalists*, the fossils being numerous and curious, and the scenery assuming a more beautiful and civilized aspect, as you come within the edge of the Atlantic basin.

Four hours brought the coach to the Sweet Springs, one of the most ancient and celebrated watering places in the United States.

The aspect of the place is lovely, the harsh and rough features which belong to more recent clearings, having been mellowed and moulded into symmetry by the gentle touch of time, that great innovator; and in the Virginia mountains, almost the sole improver, because nobody else has capital enough, and time is a capital fellow, for time is money.

You drive into a spacious green undulating area, shaded here and there with trees, and surrounded by motley groups of frame buildings of all shapes and ages, and you see in front of you, rising behind a row of modern cabins, a remarkably beautiful rounded hill, whose tree-clad top seems to lead by a gentle acclivity to a mountain range which bounds the view.

In a little valley on your left, is a frame building containing two large and separate

baths for the two sexes, and under its piazza is a famous spring, sweet in name, but slightly acidulous in taste, sparkling and spirit-stirring like champagne, and ever copiously flowing like the stream of time :

“*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*”

Flows, and will flow, the ever-fleeting spring,
'Till the last trump its piercing note shall sing.

This is what the neighbours call a powerful Spring, meaning that it sends forth a power of water, and it fills two very large plunging baths, which are very agreeable, from the sparkling transparency and high temperature of the element.

I think its temperature is about 70 of Fahrenheit ; though, being “*vix umbra philosophi*,” I cannot venture a statement on my own authority ; neither do I know its gaseous or solid contents, for Professor Rogers, with his tests, retorts, receivers and evaporating dishes, had not yet arrived.

In a little unilocular cabin, near the bath buildings, resides the ancient Jean Delorme, the *custos balneorum*, who may be seen from morn to night, limping about the decrepid

bath-house, a compound of contented simplicity and ignorant bliss, the very *genius loci*. Jean's accent and politeness betray his Gallic origin, and his simplicity and age excite an interest.—One evening, after dark, I tapped at his cabin door, which was opened by himself. He was half undressed, preparing for his night's rest, and looked surprised, but I told him I came to make him a visit, and he very politely invited me to take a seat, put on his coat, and prepared to support his part in the conversation with becoming vigour. I gathered from him the following information. He was born within twenty miles of Paris on a farm, and came to Alexandria, D. C. in 1791, with a number of French people, who intended to settle on the Scioto; he stopped near Alexandria, and wrought on a farm for a year, and then engaged with a dentist to go to the Sweet Springs. Jean lived with the dentist two years, when the latter died, leaving Jean poor in the wilderness, not possessing English nor money enough to carry him to Alexandria, whither he did much incline to go.

In his deep distress, he prevailed upon the

landlord of the Sweet Springs, (him of forty years ago,) to let him oversee the baths, and endeavor to draw a precarious subsistence from the *fo' pence ha' pennies* and nine pences that the generosity of the bathers might bestow upon his indigence. Jean has pursued this *metier* two-and-forty years, and has grown old and lame but not rich and proud.

In a few years he fell in love, and by way of bettering his poor condition, married a widow many years his senior, with three children, and (to use his own words,) as poor a man as himself. I inquired of him, if there were any Indians there when he first arrived, he said no, but there were plenty of bears, panthers, rattlesnakes, wild cats, and other vermin. His wife died about two years ago, leaving him several generations of descendants, (*by her former lord,*) to solace his old age. Jean says he has not grown rich because he had no learning; with good old Sir Hugh, he laments his lack of Latin and Greek. He makes from eighty to one hundred dollars during the fashionable season, which keeps him comfortable for the remaining eight months, a period that he passes with his

step-son, in a log hut on a little clearing in the mountain, which Jean gave him some years since.

When you go to the Sweet Springs, do not forget to have some pleasant chat with Jean Delorme, and be sure to give him a quarter as a souvenir.

The accommodations at the Sweet Springs are good, and in general, quite sufficient for the company, which suffers a diurnal ebb and flow.

The road from the Sweet to the Hot Springs is very good, and I travelled it in the stage coach, between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. stopping an hour and a half at Plum's (olim Callaghan's) to demolish a good dinner.

L E T T E R I X.

Hot Springs—Buildings—Scenery—The Spout Bath—
The Boiler—Mode of Bathing—Effects—Diet—
Taking Seventy Baths—Hot and Cold Springs—
Physa.

THE Hot Springs are seated in a valley, deeply embosomed among mountain peaks, and at first sight as you descend the hill coming from the Warm Springs, appearances do not invite a long sojourn.

The scenery, however, is interesting, and grows into your affections the deeper, the longer you remain.

The old frame hotel stands on the southern side of the road, and presents its narrow piazza to the north, in which direction the land descends by a gentle slope to the valley of thermal Springs, in which stand the bath-

ing houses and several rows of cabins, and which is bounded by an abrupt, forest-clad mountain top.

Towards the left, the valley spreads out into a beautiful verdant meadow of many acres, bounded on all sides by forests, rising on the steep mountain side, embellished at this time, by the many brilliant tints of autumn.

The present proprietor is Doctor Goode, an intelligent physician, who is using great exertion and investing much money to render the establishment pleasant to travellers, and comfortable and useful to valetudinarians. The table is very good, and the accommodations quite comfortable at present; but the nests of brick cabins rising here and there, promise additional enjoyment for the coming year. There are two famous baths here, the Spout and the Boiler, the former is said to be preferred by Orators, the latter by Poets and Warriors. The temperature of both is about 106 Fahrenheit, a degree of heat which is a little scalding at first, but which becomes pleasant as soon as the bather is chin deep in the health-restoring fluid.

The Spout bath is so called, because a constant stream of water is led from a hot spring through a perforated log, from the end of which (quasi spout) it pours into the bath, affording the bather an opportunity of receiving the stream upon any spot of his body or limbs, into which rheumatism has thrust his uncomfortable claws. This is covered by a wooden building, open at top, and has adjoining to it a dressing room, in which is a fire. After emerging from this bath, you must go to your room well wrapped up, and sit or lie still until the perspiration subsides.

The boiler is enclosed in a large wooden house which excludes the external air, and in which are ten or twelve little rooms, each containing a cot and mattress whereon to lie and perspire after leaving the bath. You remain in the bath until the big drops have started on your forehead, and begin to chase one another down your innocent nose; then you walk out of the bath into one of the little rooms previously prepared for you by the attentive and judicious superintendant, who wraps you in flannel from top to toe, yea, *in toto*, except the tip of your nose; then he lays

upon you six blankets, and having put you in a comfortable fix, leaves you to be amused with reflection and perspiration, while he fixes the other bathers. Perspiration soon starts from every pore, and you distinctly feel it tickling and trickling down your sides. Sometimes it penetrates the blankets, mattress and sackenbottom, and streams upon the floor.

When you have sweat enough, which will be in from thirty to ninety minutes, you call to the attendant, who comes, and removes one blanket, and at intervals of five minutes, the others one by one. Thus you are gradually cooled, and rise and dress, without the least danger of taking cold.

The effect of this bath on rheumatic and gouty affections, and on old deep seated and chronic complaints, that medicine does not seem to reach, is very beneficial. It restores the surface to a good condition, and promotes the healthy action of the skin; and every person who drinks the water of the various Sulphur Springs, should afterwards stop here two or three weeks, and try the virtue of the boiler.

I remained here six days, and took the

bath every day, with the best results ; and the last day I bathed, a friend of mine, who had arrived in a very debilitated condition ten weeks before, was taking his seventieth bath, and had entirely recovered his health, having gained in weight nearly a pound a day.

If taken every day, the boiler exerts a powerful action on the system, and therefore it is well to use a simple diet. Roast or boiled mutton and rice are capital for dinner. By the way, talking of rice, do you know why rice is like nullification ? To be sure, cry several voices, because they both grow in South Carolina. No, Ladies and Gentlemen, that is not the reason. Do you give it up ? It is because it is a sovereign and bloodless remedy for attacks on the Constitution.

For breakfast and supper, take tea and crackers, *black* tea and *water* crackers. Not those horrid things commonly called water crackers, that the wicked bakers sophisticate with butter or lard to please the multitudinous taste, (for the pure water cracker is caviare to the general, it pleases not the million,) but those genuine compounds of sweet superfine flour and pure hydrant water, made by Wattson, away up Front street. Take

with you a tin canister full of these, for they will keep a long time, and are of rare occurrence beyond the sound of Christ Church Bells. The maker's name is on the crackers, and you will perceive that he spells it with a superfluous T, a proof that tea and crackers should go together.

There is another bath here of the temperature of ninety-six, which is called the pleasure bath. It is circular; thirty eight feet wide, from four to five feet deep, and is covered with a handsome wooden building, with a large opening in the roof.

There are, near the hotel, a hot and a cold spring issuing so near each other, that you can dip the thumb and fore finger of the same hand into hot and cold water at the same time. These two springs run in the same water course, which is inhabited by a beautiful species of Physa, multitudes of which seem to linger about the line of junction of the hot and cold water; so that they can change their climate, to suit the fancy of the moment.

Here, I was joined by three friends, and we engaged an extra coach, to take us to Harpers's Ferry, travelling to suit our own convenience.

LETTER X.

Departure—Warm Springs—Monsieur Lange—Route from Frazier's to Harrisonburg—New Market—Mount Jackson—Landlady of the Swan—Bad Road to Woodstock—Winchester—Taylor's capital Hotel—Rate of Living.

AT 3 o'clock, P. M. on the 26th September, the weather being fine, we left the Hot Springs in our chartered Winchester Coach, owned and commanded by Lewis Hardon of that ilk. Our coach was comfortable, our horses good, and our driver skilful. In an hour we safely crawled over the little mountains which repose between the Hot and the Warm Springs, and came to anchor for the night at the latter place. Much pleasant company was still lingering there, lest they should overtake the ague, yet loitering on the eastern plains.

We were well supped, bedded and breakfasted, and were snugly repacked in the coach, with two additional *compagnons de voyage*, by 9 the next morning, at which hour we left the valley of thermal waters, and began to wind our toilsome, slow and zigzag course, up the western acclivity of the Warm Spring mountain.

The labor of ascent is well repaid, by the magnificent mountain view, which, as you pass the gap, opens on your vision from the east, now beautifully chequered by the brilliant tints of autumn.

The road, our horses, and our appetites were so good, that by 2 p. m. we were ready to stop at the house of Abraham Lange, and eat our dinner. Mr. Lange looks, and talks English very like our germanico-Pennsylvanians; but his politeness and omlets soon betray his gallic origin. He is skillful at draughts, (I do not mean of whiskey,) and if you want a good dinner, ask him to favour you with a game, he will beat you, and then administer inward consolation, in the shape of fried chickens, and a capital omlet. He has resided there more than thirty years, and

grown with the country into competency and comfort, and can give you interesting sketches of the progress of men and things in his locality.

At dusk we arrived at Frazier's having performed a journey of forty-two miles since breakfast, with the same horses. The next morning at eight, we took the direct road to Harrisonburg, leaving Staunton twelve miles on our right, and saving so much of our distance. The distance from Frazier's to Harrisonburg is twenty-two miles, and the road, though not turnpiked, for the first eleven miles is very good; now agreeably winding through the forest, and now emerging into the open and more cultivated country. The remaining eleven miles is well made turnpike, which ends at Harrisonburg.

We arrived at the last named place at noon, and stopped two hours at the George Washington, (venerabile nomen!) to feed our horses and ourselves.—After demolishing a good dinner, we started again at 2 P. M. intending to pass the night at New Market, twenty-miles off. We now became sensible that the road was growing worse, and before

we reached New Market, we were well shaken. At 5½ p. m. we drove into New Market, and not perceiving any symptoms of good cheer we determined to make an effort to reach Mount Jackson, seven miles farther on. It rained, and the road had become bad, and the night was becoming very dark; but by dint of careful driving and good horses, we got through our troubles before 8 p. m., almost feeling our way through the palpable obscure. Our driver, who is knowing about these parts, took us to the sign of the Swan, on the right hand, a tavern kept in very good style by the landlord's wife, who is as well developed a specimen of fat female good nature and usefulness as may be found in the old Dominion. Here we were very comfortable, fared sumptuously, and lay in fine linen, and at 6 a. m. the next morning, were bid farewell with the gentle charge of three 'levenpenny-bits each for supper and lodging.

We now reached very bad roads, nay absolutely abominable, which if you were to see, you would think *impassable*; and if I were to describe, you would exclaim *impossible*! The route for many miles, passes over the

edges of limestone strata, very much inclined from the horizontal plain, and in many places entirely denuded, so that the horses were obliged to lay aside all their accustomed gaits, and adopt one for the occasion, which may be appropriately termed, a *scramble*. But what obstacles will not a Virginico-yankee equipage overcome? Our driver was Yankee, our vehicle Trojan, and our horses Tuckahoe.

In four hours we reached Woodstock, where we got a very good breakfast at Reamer's, for thirty-one cents, and at 11 A. M. started for Winchester, the capitol of the Quo'hees. The road is *pretty considerable bad*, being superfluously supplied with rocks by nature, who is no miser, nor macadamiser neither, and therefore, she has not broken them small enough to make a good road.

Five o'clock, P. M., however, brought us safe and hungry to Taylor's magnificent hotel, in the pleasant town of Winchester. This is, in every respect, a first rate house, full of comforts, luxuries and reasonable charges. The annual rate of board here, with a single bed room, is one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Here we finished our day's journey, and here I finish this epistle.

LETTER XI.

Road to Harper's Ferry—Mr. Jefferson's description—
 Kirauea—Tomboro—Potomac—Shenandoah—Town
 —Fitzsimmons's—Factory of Arms—Chapel—Strait
 Gun Stocks—Turning Machine—Mr. Jefferson's
 Rock, a Rocking Stone.

AT 7½ A. M. on the 30th September, we left Winchester for Harper's Ferry, a distance of about thirty miles. The greatest part of the road is tolerably bad, but the country is interesting, and becomes more so as you draw nigher to Harper's Ferry, which every neophyte traveller must approach with a sufficient preparation of astonishment and admiration; at least such must be his condition if he has ever read Mr. Jefferson's description of this celebrated spot, which is in the following words: "The passage of the Patowmac through the blue ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand

on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Patowmac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea." Notes on Virginia, N. Y. 1801, p. 27. What will the neoterick geologists say to the notion of two quiet rivers joining and in a moment rending asunder the solid mountain! When the first two lines of this eloquent passage were penned, the writer probably had not seen the ocean cataract of Niagara; nor the Val del Bove on Mount *Ætna*, an enormous chasm running down the mountain for twelve miles, bounded by almost perpendicular cliffs, in some places three thousand feet in depth, and containing within its ample bosom volcanic craters communicating with the fiery gulph below.

The scientific world had not then heard of Kirauea a mountain in Hawaii, on whose side an immense opening many miles in circumference, exhibits to the light of day some of the greatest operations performed in the laboratory

of nature ; within whose tall and blackened cliffs may be seen hundreds of volcanic cones perpetually burning, mountains of sulphur, and still more strange and awful, an earthly Phlegethon, or lake of melted lava, several miles in extent, and continually raging like ocean waves.

Nor then had Tomboro, in the island of Sumbuwa, blown off his towering head, covering five hundred miles of ocean with the fragments, almost ground to powder ; and astounding by his deep-toned bellowing, the savage nations for a thousand miles.

The rending off the top of such a mountain by a sudden explosion, must leave a scene much more stupendous than that in question.

The scenery at Harper's Ferry is indeed beautiful and romantic, and may approach to the sublime in the spring, when the rivers are well filled with water. But when I saw it the streams were scarcely commensurate with their rugged beds, and the water rippled sluggishly over the pebbles, and flowed quietly between the rocks.

The Potomac just below the point at which the Shenandoah joins it, passes the Blue Ridge

through a wide gap, which had to my eye no appearance of having been burst or cut through the mountain by the force of water ; but seems rather to have existed in the ridge at its first upheaving above the surface of the ocean. The sides of the gap slope up from the river with a steepness not greater than the natural angle of repose.

We arrived at the ferry at 2½ P. M. and stopped at Fitzsimmons's Hotel ; whose interior and good cheer are much better than its outside promise. The approach to the town, as you descend a long hill and come in sight of the Shenandoah is very imposing. The principal part of the town is close on the Shenandoah immediately under the high hill which divides the rivers. The Federal Manufactories of Arms, extend up the right bank of the Potomac. There are several houses and a beautiful Catholic chapel perched upon sites cut from the solid rock at elevations of from fifty to one hundred feet, which are approached by flights of steps also cut from the rock, which have a beautiful and romantic appearance, and command a fine view of the

whole scene. There is a substantial covered bridge across the Potomac.

After dinner we made the tour of the arsenals and the manufactories. The arsenals seem to be in very good order and the arms well kept ; but upon handling one of the muskets I found the stock so strait, that when I brought it to my shoulder, it was impossible for the eye to range along the barrel. This is a fatal defect, and troops using these in action, would inevitably fire above the heads of their antagonists. In the coming conflict with the French we had better *give* these muskets to our enemies, and buy better ones, where we can get them.

We saw in the manufactories that ingenious yankee lathe which turns gun stocks and shoe lasts ; but if it cannot make better stocks than those I saw, it would have been better had it turned its last, before it came to Harper's Ferry.

We ascended two high hills, from which we had splendid views in several directions, and we visited Jefferson's rock, so called because tradition says the Philosopher sat there.

on, when he wrote his account of Harper's Ferry.

This singular rock is on a high hill which overhangs the town; its top is flat, almost horizontal, nearly square, and about twelve feet wide; its base does not exceed four or five feet in width, and rests upon the top of a larger mass of rock jutting from the hill; its height is about four or five feet.

My companions got on the top to enjoy the extensive prospect which lay beneath. From its narrow base and nicely balanced attitude, it struck me that it might be caused to vibrate on its base; and taking hold of its edge and applying my utmost strength I made it shake so sensibly, that those upon it exclaimed that it was like an earthquake. At our Inn they told us, that they did not know that Mr. Jefferson's rock could be moved.

The table and accommodations at Fitzsimons's Globe Inn are very good, but at certain seasons are liable to be over-crowded at night; so that it is expedient for travellers who care for comfort, to contrive to arrive before dinner, that they may engage their rooms before the evening flood comes in.

LETTER XII.

The Ancients—Idleness—Pliny—Dogberry—Spa-hunters—Canal boat veracity and comforts—Point of Rocks—Rail Road—Scenery—Ellicott's Mills—Route to Richmond—Powhatan House—From Richmond by Lynchburg to Sweet, and by Charlottesville to Warm Springs—Mr. Jefferson's notice of the Sweet and White Sulphur Springs—Concluding Hint.

MR. Editor—It is so long since I have favored you with an epistle, that I suppose you begin to flatter yourself that I was gathered to my ancestors, and no doubt, had you honoured me with a letter, you would have begun and ended as Pliny to Fabius, “Olim nullas mihi epistolas mittis. Nihil est, (inquis) quod scribam. At hoc ipsum scribe, nihil esse quod scribas, vel solum illud, unde incipere Priores solent, *Si vales ; bene est ; ego valeo.* Fac sciam quid agas ; quod sine soli-

citudine summa nescire non possum. Vale."

There is no such good luck, however, for you and your compositors; I am neither dead nor sick, but for the last three months I have been suffering under a most paralysing spell of idleness, and in such a case, *spelling* is all one is up to; *reading* and *writing* are as much out of the question, as if they did not come by nature, as the sagacious Dogberry hath hinted. Be not alarmed, however, for this is positively the last; duodecima, novissima, ultimaque.

So many of my acquaintances from down east and other foreign parts have come to town, seeking the land of health and promise in the Virginia mountains, and speering so many questions after the best way to get there, that I feel wide awake, and somewhat disposed to afford inquiring friends some information touching that pleasant country. O rus quando te aspiciam!

The end of my eleventh letter left us at Harper's Ferry, just after shaking the Philosopher's stone. We had an excellent supper at Fitzsimmons's, after which the agent of the canal boat came in to engage us for his pas-

sengers in the morning ; telling us we should be called at six next morning ; having divined by some hidden process that we did not glory in early rising ; after that veracious personage had taken himself off with our money, Mr. Fitzsimmons giving us a knowing wink, hinted that we should be routed between four and five. With that agreeable suspicion infused into our minds, we retired to our beds, which were comfortable, but alas ! not long to be enjoyed ; for at 3 A. M. the sable messenger of unrest, with murky dip in hand, thrust his ugly phiz into my dormitory, wearing on his careful brow a doubt of welcome, and communicating the distressing news that the Captain of the Canal Boat was collecting his passengers and baggage, to make an early start.

We found the captain and a shower of rain waiting for us. There were carriages for the ladies and baggage, to carry them dry across the bridge to the beginning of the Canal, which is on the Maryland side of the Potomac. The boat looked as if it had been borrowed of Charon for the nonce, as it had just been rescued ab imo by dint of baling, whither

an uncivil stone had sent it the day before, by knocking a hole in its bottom. The crew were still baling, and as it was dark, the aquatic vehicle had a most uncomfortable appearance. There was on board a French diplomatic family, who shrugged their shoulders awfully, and looked unutterable things, but said never a word. As it was too dark and pluvio-misty to see the scenery, I tumbled into a berth and slept away an hour and six miles. In two hours we arrived at the Point of Rocks, twelve miles from Harper's Ferry, having passed through the gap in the Blue Ridge, through which the Potomac flows. The canal runs between the river and the foot of the mountain, occupying nearly the whole space. The scenery is romantic and beautiful, and well worth a view by day light.

The necessity of getting up before daylight and travelling twelve miles in a boat that has been sunk, will probably be obviated next summer, as it is understood that the Rail Road will be finished as far as Harper's Ferry, when additional locomotive accommodations will no doubt be found upon this route.

From the Point of Rocks to Washington

the access is very easy through the canal, which is in good navigable order, and on which there is a good line of packets. The Charonic Boat goes no further than the Point of Rocks.

At the Point of Rocks we landed, got a good breakfast and took the Rail Road Cars for Baltimore at half past 8 A. M. At half past 9 we met the train from Frederick which was to carry us to Baltimore. The first half of the distance we were drawn by good horses and the last half by steam. The appearance of the country between Frederick and Ellicott's Mills is very interesting. The land is good, farms well cultivated, the houses comfortable and handsome, and the whole surface wears the aspect of long settlement and civilization. The cuts along the Rail Road, here and there, expose large masses of that beautiful pudding stone, of which are made the magnificent columns that support the dome of the Representatives' Chamber in the Capitol at Washington. We dined at Ellicott's Mills, where there are a commodious Hotel and many large manufactories. Several hours may be spent here very agree-

ably in viewing the scenery and the passage of the Rail Road across the Patapsco.

We arrived at Baltimore at 4 P. M. and rested from our labours at the Fountain Inn in Light street, which we found an excellent house; the chambers and beds being particularly comfortable. I shall say nothing of the route to Philadelphia, as its reverse is described in my first letter, which you can read backwards, if you like.

If the traveller wishes to visit Richmond on his way to the Virginia Springs, he will leave Philadelphia at 6 A. M. in steamboat; he will meet the Norfolk boat at about 2 P. M. in the Patapsco, into which boat he will tranship himself and baggage, and steam down the bay towards Old Point Comfort, near which, and near 6 the next morning, he will meet a boat that will take him to Richmond before night. Arrived there he will take a hack and drive immediately to the Powhatan House, which stands on the Hill fronting the Capitol. This house is beautifully situated, is spacious, airy and convenient, and is under the direction of Mrs. Duvall, who spares no pains to contribute to the comfort and satisfaction of her

guests, and her efforts are always crowned with success.

Here being comfortably nestled, the traveller would do well to remain at least one week ; for Richmond contains many persons and things worthy of attention. An excursion of twenty-five miles may be made to Petersburg, where begins a good Rail Road that leads directly into North Carolina. The Capitol, the canal walk, and the great flour mills are objects of interest.

From Richmond the traveller can reach the Springs by one of two routes—by Charlottesville to the Warm Springs ; or by Lynchburg and Fincastle to the Sweet Springs. The distance to Charlottesville is about eighty-four miles and the road is pretty good. There is a good house at Powell's fourteen miles from Richmond, and about thirty miles further is another very good house kept by Mrs. Tinsley.

On the Lynchburg and Fincastle route, the traveller can visit the Natural Bridge and the Peaks of Otter, on his way to the Sweet Springs. The distance from the Sweet to the White Sulphur Springs is only sixteen miles of

good road, leading by a very gradual ascent over the Allegheny Mountain. The White Sulphur, now the lion of Virginia, and the Sweet Springs, now an ancient establishment, are barely mentioned by Mr. Jefferson in his notes. After bestowing some *lines* on the Warm and Hot Springs, he bestows the following *words* on the other two:—"The Sweet Springs are in the county of Botetourt, they are still less known. They are different also in their temperature, being as *cold as common water*." Notes on Virginia p. 50.

"We are told of a Sulphur Spring on Howard's creek of Greenbrier." Notes on Virginia p. 51.

We are told of it now too; but it is by the thousands who have been there, and the ten thousands who are going.

I have now done Mr. Editor; I do not mean to trouble you, nor your subscribers with any more letters; my farrago has come to an end, and I cannot refrain from saying,

"Cum relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno,
"Me quoque quæ fuerant iudice digna lini;"

but if I have induced two or three to inhale the pure air of the Allegheny, or to gather sweets in mountain wood, or flowery vale;

“Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,”

I am content ; and conclude with a single hint to the Millionary from the East, and the Exquisite from Gotham qui, ‘nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducit,’ not to be hasty in judging people from their outsides (ex habitu hominem metiens,) else in these regions, they may neglect a diamond in the rough, or reject a shell which contains a pearl.

A D D E N D U M .

BY THE EDITOR.

THE unconscionable man of types hath sent his devil after me, to communicate the unwelcome intelligence that the twelfth letter is all in type, and yet there is not matter enough to fill the last form ; so that after having sunk down into an agreeable comatose state of repose, in the comfortable hope that my editorial labors were ended *pro hac vice*, I am reduced to the direful necessity, at this eleventh hour, (for the press-gang will not be denied,) of again returning to my inky work.

In Morgan County, in the Northern Neck of Virginia, about six miles south of the Maryland line, where that state is not more than a mile and a half in breadth, is situated a

pretty little village called Bath. Here are copious springs of almost tepid water strongly charged with magnesia, which supply a number of agreeable baths. There are two good Hotels, well prepared for the reception of visitors, a beautiful promenade laid out with much taste and planted with shady trees.

Having arrived at Winchester on your return from the Warm Springs, and being desirous of prolonging your tour, you may reach Bath in one day by a very hilly and romantic road of thirty-six miles in length. About midway, on the top of a high ridge, and embowered in trees is a little tavern, where you can dine and rest your horses.

Bath is the halfway house between Baltimore and the Bedford Springs, and the company generally consists of families from Baltimore, who stop there on their way to and from Bedford, of Virginians from the neighbouring counties, and a few ubiquitary travelers like myself.

The country hereabout is wild and romantic, and abounds in beautiful rides and walks. Six miles to the north, just over the Potomac, is situated the town of Hancock in Maryland,

on the state turnpike road, which passes through Hagerstown and Frederick. The distance to Hagerstown is twenty-eight and thence to Frederick twenty-two miles. The country is beautiful, the land good and well cultivated, and the Blue Ridge is crossed before reaching Frederick.

When you have arrived at Frederick, if you are in haste, you will take the Rail-road to Baltimore; if not, and you wish to see the best cultivated portion of Pennsylvania, you will hire a carriage to take you to Emmettsburg, distant from Frederick about twenty-six miles, and one mile south of Mason & Dixon's line. The road is excellent and runs within sight of the Blue Ridge the whole distance. There is at Emmettsburg a very good tavern to sleep at, kept by Mr. Agnew. About two miles from the town, and some distance up the side of the Blue Ridge, is the Roman Catholic Seminary, from which is a beautiful and extensive prospect. The nunnery, where dwell the pious and benevolent sisters of charity is nearer to the town.

From Emmettsburg to Gettysburg in Pennsylvania is ten miles of rough road.

At Gettysburg you come on the Pennsylvania turnpike, a good road, which in thirty miles brings you to York, through a very interesting country. In twelve miles more you reach the noble Susquehanna, which you will cross on the new bridge, which will land you in the town of Columbia, situated at the west end of the great Rail-road. While on the bridge turn your eyes to the left, and two miles up the river you will see the town of Marietta. The scenery on the river is enchanting; and you can spend a day very comfortably at Jeffrey's, which is a very good house.

From Columbia you can reach Philadelphia in eight hours by the Rail-road; but if you have never passed this way before, you had better travel through Lancaster County in some kind of vehicle drawn by horses, as the country is too interesting to pass through like a streak of chalk. The city of Lancaster also is worth seeing, and you will find there plenty of good cheer.

I guess my addendum is now long enough to fill up the measure of the printer's wishes;

and, as I am afraid the composers will *strike*, if the press should wait any longer, I must now make an

END.



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